Saylors for my money.

A new Ditty compoſed in the praiſe of Saylors and Sea affaires, breifly ſhewing the nature of ſo worthy a calling, and effects of their induſtry.

To the tune of the Iouiall Cobler.

COuntrie men of England,
who liue at home at eaſe:
And litle thinke what dangers,
Are incident o'th Seas:
Giue eare vnto the Saylor
Who vnto you will ſhew:
His caſe,
His caſe:
How ere the winde doth blow.

He that is a Saylor,
Muſt haue a valiant heart:
For when he is vpon the ſea,
He is not like to ſtart:
But muſt with noble courage,
All dangers vndergoe.
Reſolue,
Reſolue:
How ere the wind doth blow.

Our calling is laborious,
And ſubiect to much woe:
But we muſt ſtill contented be:
With what falls to our ſhare.
Wee muſt not be faint hearted,
Come tempeſt raine or ſnow:
Nor ſhrinke:
Nor ſhrinke:
How ere the winde doth blowe.

Sometimes one Neptunes bo-
Our ſhip is toſt with waues (ſome
And euery minite we expect,
The ſea muſt be our graues
Sometimes on high ſhe mounteth
Then falls againe as low:
with waues:
with waues:
When ſtormie winds do blow.

Then with vnfained prayers,
As Chriſtian duty binds,
Wee turne vnto the Lord of hoſts,
With all our hearts and minds,
To him we flee for ſuccour,
For he we ſurely know,
can ſaue:
can ſaue,
How ere the wind doth blow.

Then he who breaks the rage:
Ths rough & bluſtrous ſeas,
When his diſciples were a-
Will ſtraght the ſtormes appeaſe.
And giue vs cauſe to thanke
On bended knees full low:
who ſaues:
who ſaues,
How ere the wind doth blow.

Our enemies approaching,
When wee on ſea eſpie,
Wee muſt reſolue incontinent
To fight, although we die,
With noble reſolution
Wee muſt oppoſe our foe,
in fight,
in fight:
How ere the wind dos blow.

And when by Gods aſſiſtance,
Our foes are put to'th foile,
To animate our courages,
Wee all haue ſhare o'th ſpoile,
Our foes into the Ocean,
Wee back to back do throw,
to ſinke,
or ſwimme,
How ere the wind doth blow.

Saylors for my money.

A new Ditty compoſed in the praiſe of Saylors and Sea affaires, breifly ſhewing the nature of ſo worthy a calling, and effects of their induſtry.

To the tune of the Iouiall Cobler.

COuntrie men of England,
who liue at home at eaſe:
And litle thinke what dangers,
Are incident o'th Seas:
Giue eare vnto the Saylor
Who vnto you will ſhew:
His caſe,
His caſe:
How ere the winde doth blow.

He that is a Saylor,
Muſt haue a valiant heart:
For when he is vpon the ſea,
He is not like to ſtart:
But muſt with noble courage,
All dangers vndergoe.
Reſolue,
Reſolue:
How ere the wind doth blow.

Our calling is laborious,
And ſubiect to much woe:
But we muſt ſtill contented be:
With what falls to our ſhare.
Wee muſt not be faint hearted,
Come tempeſt raine or ſnow:
Nor ſhrinke:
Nor ſhrinke:
How ere the winde doth blowe.

Sometimes one Neptunes bo-
Our ſhip is toſt with waues (ſome
And euery minite we expect,
The ſea muſt be our graues
Sometimes on high ſhe mounteth
Then falls againe as low:
with waues:
with waues:
When ſtormie winds do blow.

Then with vnfained prayers,
As Chriſtian duty binds,
Wee turne vnto the Lord of hoſts,
With all our hearts and minds,
To him we flee for ſuccour,
For he we ſurely know,
can ſaue:
can ſaue,
How ere the wind doth blow.

Then he who breaks the rage:
Ths rough & bluſtrous ſeas,
When his diſciples were a-
Will ſtraght the ſtormes appeaſe.
And giue vs cauſe to thanke
On bended knees full low:
who ſaues:
who ſaues,
How ere the wind doth blow.

Our enemies approaching,
When wee on ſea eſpie,
Wee muſt reſolue incontinent
To fight, although we die,
With noble reſolution
Wee muſt oppoſe our foe,
in fight,
in fight:
How ere the wind dos blow.

And when by Gods aſſiſtance,
Our foes are put to'th foile,
To animate our courages,
Wee all haue ſhare o'th ſpoile,
Our foes into the Ocean,
Wee back to back do throw,
to ſinke,
or ſwimme,
How ere the wind doth blow.

The Second part. To the ſame tune.

THus wee gallant ſeamen,
In midſt of greateſt dãgers,
Doe alwaies proue our valour,
Wee neuer are no changers:
But what ſoe ere betide us,
Wee ſtoutly vndergoe,
reſolu'd,
reſolu'd,
How ere the wind doth blow.

If fortune doe befriend vs.
In what we take in hand,
Wee proue our ſelues ſtill gens-
Whe ere we come to land, (rous
Ther's few y ſhall out braue vs
Though neere ſo great in ſhow,
wee ſpend
and lend,
How ere the wind doth blow.

We trauell to the Indies,
From them we bring ſom ſpice
Here we buy rich Marchandiſe
At very little price;
And many wealthy priſes,
We conquer from the foe:
In fight:
In fight,
How ere the wind doth blow.

Into our native Country,
With wealth we doe returne:
And cheere our wines & childre,
Who for our abſence mourne.
Then doe we bravely flourith,
And where ſo ere we goe:
We roare:
We roare:
How ere the wind doth blow.

For when we haue receiued,
Our wages for our paynes:
The Vintners & the Taplers,
By vs haue golden gaines.
We call for liquor roundly,
And pay before we goe:
and ſing:
and drinke,
How ere the wind doth blow.

Wee bravely are reſpected,
When we walke vp & downe,
For if wee meete good company,
Wee care not for a crowne,
Ther's none more free then ſay-
Where ere he come or goe, (lors
th'elle roare
o'th ſhore,
How ere the winds doth blow.

Then who would line in Eng-
And north'd vice with eaſe, (land
When he that is in pouertie,
May riches get o'th ſeas:
Lets ſaile vnto the Indies,
Where golden graſſe doth grow
to ſea,
to ſea,
How ere the wind doth blow.

FINIS. M. P. Printed at London for C. Wright.